DUKINFIELD LODGE.

Hampson (William) Poet
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DUKINFIELD LODGE,

A

POEM,

IN

TWO CANTOS.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,
And sold by JOHN STOCKDALE, Piccadilly;
And CLARKE and Co. Manchester.

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TO

MRS. HAY,

OF DUKINFIELD LODGE;

THE FOLLOWING

POEM,

WHICH ATTEMPTS TO CELEBRATE

THE PLACE OF HER

RESIDENCE,

IS INSCRIBED,

BY HER MOST HUMBLE,

AND MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,

W. HAMPSON.

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

THE ſubject introduced.—Addreſs to MARIA.—*The romantic and elevated Situation of the Lodge.—The Powers ſuppoſed to preſide over natural Productions invoked, and the ſurrounding Country as ſeen from the* TERRACE, *deſcribed.—A Church.—Paſſing-bell, its influence.—Shrubberies.—A Spring, its Effects on A——y.—The early Powers of his Genius.—The Directions of* TASTE.—*Her Appearance.—She perſuades A——y to build the* LODGE.—

DUKINFIELD LODGE.

CANTO I.

BRING me the lute, that grac'd a virgin's zone;
Sweet as her lip, and melting as her tone,
When firſt the heart with joy unwonted glows,
And from the eye a ſtreaming radiance flows;
A ſofter accent moves the warbling tongue,
And youth inſpires, and love invites the ſong.
Then, if my lays have power to touch the ſoul,
The notes may whiſper whence the charm was ſtole.

When firſt the clouds in ſhelving ſhades divide,
With ſun-beams ſilver'd, or with rainbows dy'd;
The ſnow, ſoft ſinking in the genial ray,
Melts at the touch, and gently ſteals away:
Then freſher green adorns the looſen'd ground,
The ſilken folded buds are then unbound;
The drooping daiſy rears its head once more,
And Spring ſmiles out as lovely as before.

Perchance ſome bee his waxen dome forſakes,
Mounts the light breeze, and airy circles takes,
Till fann'd with gales of ſweetneſs on he goes,
Where the leaf opens, or the wild flow'r blows:
So I, though young, by tuneful numbers ſway'd,
On infant wings have wanton flights eſſay'd;
Till now, more vigorous ev'ry pinion grown,
The Muſe, exulting, tries a path unknown.

O THOU! whatever bliſs allures thy ſtay,
Beam of my hope, and treaſure of my lay,
Come, while I ſing, and teach me to combine
Charms ſuch as theſe, with language ſuch as thine;
To move with force, to win with native eaſe,
Steal into power, and like MARIA pleaſe.

Where, trickling down the moſs-grown mountain's ſide,
From dripping rocks, the murm'ring waters glide,
Springs o'er their boſoms in ſoft eddies creep,
Commix their rills, and with each other weep;
There TAME ſupplies his urn, and down below,
As the vale ſlopes, his current gives to flow,
Till ſoon arriving, HUNCLIFF's rocks to lave,
In rude caſcades deſcends the broken wave.
There up the ſteep, with native oak o'ergrown,
Frowns the dark fir tree, on the rugged ſtone;
A lighter green the poplar leaves o'erſpread,
And, ting'd more lightly, bends the larch's head.
Above, the banks diffuſing ſweets, expoſe
The lofty juniper, and blooming roſe;

Broom round the bay tree hangs her yellow dye,
This ſheds her balm, and that attracts the eye;
With bluſhful looks the ſweetbriar courts the thorn,
Hung on his arm, her eaſy weight is borne;
While, pleas'd, the zephyrs fan their flow'ry care,
And gales of fragrance fill the ambient air.

Now, all ye powers! by whoſe indulgence won,
The vales expand, and fruitful rivers run;
Ye, by whoſe care the hills are crown'd with grain,
The trees with verdure, and with graſs the plain;
And ye who calm the lakes, the fountains clear,
Bid downward ſkies and ſilvery clouds appear!
Go, let your charms aſſume their varied hues,
The country claims them, and the TERRACE views.

Spread to the ſight, by Nature's pencil drawn,
Appear gay woods, and inlets of the lawn,
A varied charm, a cultivated ſlope,
The boon of plenty, all the peaſants' hope.
A ſable gloom the mountain ſeems to throw,
Imbrowns the ſteep, and ſhades the glen below;
The meads conceal'd, the harmleſs cot unſeen,
Light curves the ſmoke above th' emboſom'd green;
Looſe gales ariſe, the ſhadows up the ſteep
Skim on light wing, and o'er the vallies ſweep;
Then ſhines the ſky, with ſilver light o'erſpread,
Foams the white rock, and falls the loud caſcade;
Rills catch the luſtre, ſtreams reſplendent run,
And print their waves with many a downward ſun.

High above theſe (what dewy duſk endears)
Oft on the ſight a lovelier ſcene appears,
As at the eve, a ſummer's day when fled,
With ſpotty fleece the ſkies are lightly ſpread,
The ſhining volumes azure breaks unfold,
Skirted with purple, and beſtreak'd with gold.
Here clouds on clouds, like rock on rock o'erlaid,
Heaps pil'd on heaps, and ſhade encloſing ſhade;
Here chaſms open! yawning gulphs extend!
There ſunny vaults, and branching arches bend;
While down below, the wavy ſcud is hung
From ſide to ſide, and vallies ſhoot along,
And various forms and antique figures join
To hang the vault of heaven with tapeſtry divine.
While yet the ſun o'ertops the weſtern hills,
A mellower radiance all the country fills;
The village ſpires, and glittering windows ſtream
With diamond luſtres on his ſetting beam.
High o'er the reſt, an hallow'd doom appears,
For ages fear'd, and reverenc'd ſtill in years;
Where holy vows avenging wrath diſarm,
Sheath the bare ſword, and ſtay th' uplifted arm;
Prayers mount the ſkies, and mercy leaves her throne—
Midway to ſave, they meet her coming down;
Then early matins grateful joys atteſt,
And ev'ning anthems ſwell the raptur'd breaſt.

There oft a bell, in ſolemn tones and ſlow,
Diſturbs the eve; ſad meſſenger of woe!

The voice of awe, wide-ſpreading through the vale,
Caſts o'er the impaſſion'd cheek a deadly pale:
More cloſely preſt, a mother's darling child
Sees the tear ſtart, where late affection ſmil'd:
Huſh'd is the tumult of the village throng,
The ploughboy's whiſtle, and the maiden's ſong.

Does not Inquiry's eager voice intrude
With all the force of kind ſolicitude?
Does ſhe not aſk, and yet afraid to know,
What gentle friend has left the world below?
Some aged ſwain, who liv'd acroſs the lea?
Or ſhe whoſe cheek could ſmile but yeſterday?
Smile on the youth! (ah, nymph! in vain careſs'd)
For whom her hands had wove the bridal veſt.

As one whom pleaſure beckons far away,
A diſtant country deſtin'd to ſurvey,
Where Alpine heights the frowning ſkies invade,
With clouds encircled, or with ſnows o'erlaid;
Some mountain gain'd, and turning to the paſt,
With ſweet conſtraint, he lingering looks his laſt;
While other opening, other turns ſurpriſe,
And ſcenes romantic catch his wondering eyes!
So I, for you, ye groves, and penſive ſhades,
Quit tufted lawns, and long-extended glades!
Smooth flow, ye fountains! ſoft, ye riv'lets, creep!
Take me, ye grots! and lull, ye winds, aſleep!
I come to wander where the lover flies,
Vexing the air with unavailing ſighs;

Where captive hearts, preſery'd in cloſe conſtraint,
And yielding maidens, frame the ſoft complaint;
Where, ſometimes ſlumbering, I the pillow ſeek,
To kiſs the print of beauty's tempting cheek.

Looſe winding paths the ſloping banks deſcend,
And ſkirt a lake, or nigh a temple bend;
The fragrant ſhrubs, fair bordering on the ſide,
Tempt to the walk they fondly ſeem to hide;
And, half inclos'd, the parting ſhades diſplay
Some eaſy couch that ornaments the way.
Deſign'd for thought, for ſoft diſcourſe no leſs,
Blooms the cloſe arbour, and the cool receſs.

Here, 'mid the ſhades, to cold neglect conſign'd,
Sits a ſad Naïad on her urn reclin'd;
Her cryſtal drops no thirſty lip invades,
No ſtooping hand her ample fount unlades;
Weed rankling round her glaſſy ſurface grows,
And idly now the uſeleſs current flows.
'Twas here the year its earlieſt odours ſhed;
The primroſe here firſt rear'd its drooping head;
Here panſies ſmil'd, and riſing o'er the reſt;
The cowſlip ſhone with cream-incolour'd veſt;
And here, while falling waters murmur'd round,
Sleep's ſoft poſſeſſion wandering A---y found.

He once indulg'd, with vigorous youth elate,
Saw Taſte unfold for him her roſy gate;

For him her ſpangled curtains wide withdraw,
And Genius blazing on his throne he ſaw!
The Muſes round their ſilver lyres forſook,
While Fame's loud trump the ſwift-wing'd Goddeſs took;
Prepar'd to fly, the winds obedient came,
And Genius bade him mount the car of Fame.

Forbear, my ſon! the temperate Goddeſs cry'd,
Who mounts that car muſt take me for his guide;
Or borne aloft with unattemper'd fire,
Fancy too warm ſhall in itſelf expire;
As the red Meteor gilds the zone of night
With a bright ſcarf of momentary light!
But if to me thy favour'd ear incline,
Beauty thy touch ſhall wait and grace thy line;
Thy finiſh'd forms as pure a tint ſhall ſhow
As the bright cloud where Iris paints her bow!
Then Fame her poliſh'd harneſs ſhall prepare,
And Taſte conduct thee to the envied car.

Thus ſpoke the Power—When, fir'd with thirſt of praiſe,
He croſs'd wide realms, and interpoſing ſeas,
And where the Roman glory meets decay,
By Goths o'er-run, and Vandals ſwept away:
If haply yet ſome veſtige ſtrikes the view,
What Phidias labour'd, or what Raphael drew,
He wandering ſaw, but, ſunk in ſlothful eaſe,
Relinquiſh'd fame, the ſoft deſires to pleaſe;
To ſportive Love the Arts give up their ſway,
And on he goes where Pleaſure leads the way.

Yet,

Yet, here returning, other joys inſpir'd;
Peace lent a charm, and he to peace retir'd;
Here a bright viſion o'er his ſenſes ſtole,
The heav'nly impulſe of the raviſh'd ſoul!

Lean'd on a cloud, where light and darkneſs play'd,
Darkneſs half hid, and light that loves the ſhade,
A form divine, whoſe boſom to conceal
Thin robes o'erſpread a light tranſparent veil!
Wild as the curl, ſome maiden's wanton ſnare,
Hung the looſe ringlets of her flowing hair;
Intent to ſpeak, a ſmile her cheek o'ercaſt,
Soft beam'd her eyelid—'Twas the goddeſs Taſte!

And doſt thou ſleep? the Power benign begun,
No longer worthy to be call'd my ſon;
Say, what can eaſe or thoughtleſs pleaſure bring?
The waſte of life, of guilt the bitter ſting:
Thine is the art to draw the nice deſign,
Spread the ſoft tint, and meliorate the line,
Catch all the charms of Nature's vary'd hues,
Imbodying forms, and viſions of the Muſe,
And what more graceful fills the ſun-ſet eye
Of Fancy, ſmiling on ſome dreams of joy:
A taſk more pleaſing to thy mind purſue;
The Graces call, and I invite thee too!
Whate'er coy beauty in her lone receſs
Gives to the wood, or pathleſs wilderneſs;
Whate'er of grandeur decks the mountain's ſide;
The pendent rock, or cavern op'ning wide;

And

And what of other date is left behind,
Where frowns the ruin, and where howls the wind;
Theſe let thy ſkill with ſtrong effect diſpoſe,
In ſweet embraces Art and Nature cloſe:
Caſt o'er the whole a charm, that will controul
The roving eye, and animate the ſoul.

She ſpake, and bade the Naïad him awake,
Ere yet the pleaſing traits his mind forſake.
The Nymph obedient, by a ſecret force,
Reſtrain'd the current in its hidden courſe;
A ſhelvy rock it murm'ring us'd to lave,
From which a ſelf-form'd baſon caught the wave;
But now no more the tinkling murmurs roſe,
To ſhut the drowſy ear with tuneful cloſe.
A pauſe enſu'd; he ſtarted from his eaſe,
And, as the Goddeſs urg'd, with haſte obeys.

And what of other date is left behind,
Where frowns the rain, and where howls the wind;
These let thy skill with strong effect dispose
In sweet embraces Art and Nature close;
Cast o'er the whole a charm, that will controul
The roving eye, and animate the soul.

She spake, and bade the Naiad him awake,
Ere yet the pleasing traits his mind forsake
The Nymph obedient, by a secret force,
Restrain'd the current in its hidden course;
A shelvy rock it murm'ring us'd to lave,
From which a self-form'd baton caught the wave;
But now no more the tinkling murmurs rose
To shut the drowsy ear with tameful close.
A pause ensu'd; he started from his ease
And, as the Goddess urg'd, with haste obey.

C A N T O II.

CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.

THE Charms of a rural Retreat arising from the disposition of its parts in an advanced state of perfection, such as the Lodge exhibited before A——y's Death.—The Guardian of the Lodge acquaints the lesser Powers supposed to preside over different parts of the place with A——y's Death: and for the same purpose he visits the residence of Taste. Her Attendants described as busied in distributing literary Honours to the distinguished Characters who have contributed to adorn the three sister Arts, Poetry, Music, Painting.—The Guardian of the Lodge makes known the Death of A——y.—The Goddess mourns over his doom.—After which the Graces console her by requesting her consent to make the Lodge the abode of MARIA.

CANTO II.

NOW had the ſhades their thickeſt gloom inwove,
And roſe the Hall with turrets in the grove;
Now trees their bloom, and ſhrubs their ſweets diſcloſe,
The woodbine's tanglet twin'd around the roſe,
And ev'ry path, with flow'ry tenants lin'd,
In coy reluctance, did their charms unbind;
A ſofter breath round ev'ry buſh did play,
The groves reſounded with the choral lay:
And now the notes more pow'rfully prevail,
Kiſs'd by the air, and fann'd along the gale,
Sweet as a love-taught maiden at her wheel
Warbles the pleaſing pains ſhe knows to feel.

Thus paſt the hours with ſwift, though ſilent pace,
Day following day with unobſtructed chace,
When dire Diſeaſe a deadly potion brings,
To blight the roſes blooming on their wings.
No more the Nymphs, that in the groves were ſeen,
Lead the wild dance along th' enamell'd green:

A gloom obſcure involves the ſhades around,
And ſadneſs broods on the deſerted ground.
Then, with officious haſte, the Guardian Pow'r
Conven'd the daughters of this roſeate bow'r.
Nymphs from their azure vaults and haunts beneath,
Elves of the woods, and Fairies of the heath;
Some from the rills, with flow'ry cincture clad;
Light tripping ſome, and ſome with pace more ſad;
Sylphids that play'd o'er violet beds new blown,
And midnight ſweet'ners, of celeſtial tone;
All round the Guardian Power attendant throng,
Who thus began, with flow reluctant tongue:

Far more than wonted cauſe has brought you here,
Far other meſſage from this ſeat you bear
Than when to wind a ſtream, or tuft a lake,
Upturn a fountain, or a grotto make;
To caſt from Spring's gay lap the flow'rs profuſe,
Or from the ev'ning miſt diſtil the dews:
Thoſe dews, thoſe flow'rs, fair fountain, or freſh lake,
A——y, forſook of life, muſt all forſake.
Hence with theſe tidings to the Dome I haſte,
Pavilion high, bright reſidence of Taſte;
There, taſk unſweet, her offspring dead report,
While you, ſad ſorrowing, to your haunts reſort.

Thus having ſpoke, the Guardian Power withdrew,
And for the Dome with eager wings he flew,
Where ſat the Goddeſs, round whoſe ſplendid throne
Attendant Nymphs with grace attractive ſhone.

Three arts with conſtant charm divide their care;
Three blooming bands the pleaſing labours ſhare.
Some o'er the works of worthy Bards preſide,
Fav'rites of heaven, whom ev'ry Muſe ſupply'd;
On whom, though Hardſhip cumb'rous bars impos'd
Shut from the view, and Glory's portal clos'd:
Though birth obſcure the genial vigour ſtay'd,
And ſtars averſe, with-held their kindly aid,
Born in an age, too partial to be wiſe,
Where worth lay hid, and merit could not riſe;
Though Genius bloſſom'd, Fame no laurel hung,
The flower, unguarded, wither'd as it ſprung;
What Childhood promis'd, Youth matur'd with pain,
And Science lov'd, and Fancy warm'd in vain.
Yet this fair band their beauties fondly ſhow;
Hence Milton's honours ſhall for ever grow;
Hence Shakeſpeare reigns unrival'd on the ſtage,
To win all tongues, and every heart engage;
And hence, though late, and long with-held his claim,
Shall Maſſinger be crown'd with laſting fame.

Others, whom ſong and ſymphonies divine,
The tender tone, and ſweetly warbled line,
Whom varied airs in liſt'ning ſilence keep,
Powerful to lull a lover's wrongs to ſleep;
Bid rage upon the hero's cheek to glow,
Or with a tear the virgin's eye o'erflow;
Charm wan deſpair to momentary eaſe,
And ſteal from grief the canker of diſeaſe.

Theſe with nice ears, and ſouls of tuneful frame,
Preſent their Goddeſs with each favour'd name,
Whom diſtant climes with grateful tranſport own,
Or Albion's ſons diſtinguiſh with renown.
There Handel's praiſe the ſweeteſt harps divide,
Exalt his worth, and ſpread his glory wide.
There, too, ſweet buds and flow'rs unfading grow,
To form a laſting wreath for Haydn's brow.

Another train of lovely Nymphs appear,
Tied looſe behind, and negligent their hair.
A Tyrian purple veils their ſnow-white limbs,
And, floating, ſweeps the pavement as it ſwims.
Theſe ſpread the canvas with enchanting dies,
And hills and vales promiſcuouſly ariſe,
Where antique turrets o'er the crumbling mound
Lift their high heads, with circling ivy crown'd.
The clouds enrag'd, the forked light'nings beam,
The wind tumultuous, and the troubled ſtream,
Trees from their roots, rocks from their ſummits torn,
And herds, flocks, folds, in floating ruin borne.
Pleas'd with theſe ſcenes (in Grandeur's higheſt ſtyle,
Where Awe looks fearful, with a timid ſmile,
Where Horror feels emotions wild and warm,
And Death and Danger lend a power to charm)
They turn to thoſe whom ſocial Life inſpires,
Or Love informs, or ſofter Fancy fires:
And as each maſter's merits there were ſhewn,
Unequal'd Reynolds made them all his own.

Mean-

Meanwhile the mournful meſſenger drew nigh,
His locks hung wild, and looſe his garments fly,
His ſhining face a ſadneſs ſomewhat veil'd
With modeſt beauty, and his wings conceal'd;
He enter'd thus.—As on a cloud the moon
Rears her pale orb, and ſteals it back as ſoon,
The tranſient glories gild the gloom around,
Stream down the ſky, and ſkim along the ground;
So, when expos'd, celeſtial ſweetneſs play'd
O'er all his face, while thus the Guardian ſaid:

From thy ſweet haunt, O Goddeſs, I repair;
Clos'd are thoſe buds whoſe fragrance fill'd the air;
Fled are thoſe nymphs that in thy groves were ſeen
Lead the wild dance along th' enamel'd green:
The laſt ſad tribute by the living paid
Thy A--y claims, to reſt his hovering ſhade.
There came a Bard, who, ſometimes, not in vain,
Try'd in theſe groves the fancy-favour'd ſtrain;
And while their charms enraptur'd he beheld,
While yet his notes with louder cadence ſwell'd,
A ſilent horror crept o'er all his frame,
A ſudden pauſe enſu'd—and lo, theſe accents came:

Methinks I view the rills neglected flow,
The greens unmown, the trees unpruned grow,
The walks with boughs uncomely ſpreading o'er;
Theſe charm'd him once, but they ſhall charm no more.

This ſaid, on outſtretch'd wings, without reply,
He mounts incumbent on the yielding ſky.

The Goddeſs heard, o'ercome with tender fears,
And ſighs ſtole out, and unavailing tears;
Her fair attendants, with like grief oppreſt,
Share the ſad troubles of their Sov'reign's breaſt:
Awhile their pleaſing labours they forego,
And yield indulgent to the riſing woe;
'Till from her ſeat the mournful Queen aroſe,
And, faultering, thus gave utt'rance to her woes:

What ills, what pains, to war with Life conſpire;
Nurſling of Hope! and offspring of Deſire!
No clouds ill omen'd its gay morn unbar,
No vapours veil its love-illumin'd ſtar;
Sweet Pleaſure ſmiles—her flow'ry paths how fair!
Youth knows no guile, and Innocence no ſnare;
At once they taſte, the fond illuſion o'er,
Dies Innocence! and Youth can charm no more!
Or if to Fame ſhould diſtant views extend,
The means allotted ſeldom gain their end:
One takes the pencil, one the Muſe invites;
This charms the eye, and that the ear delights;
With all that Genius, all that Fancy knows,
The page enlivens, and the canvas glows;
While Life gives nought but Envy to defame,
And Death the poor appendage of a name.

For

For this, my ſons, more pleaſing path purſu'd,
While Nature's boon her copious gifts endu'd;
I form'd their minds to truſt no diſtant aim,
No airy viſions of uncertain fame:
To ſteal through life in ſome ſequeſter'd place,
And touch with opening power each latent grace;
Feed the ſweet ſtem of Frailty in the ſhade,
And nurſe its bloſſoms, early doom'd to fade.
Thus A--y liv'd, of whom too ſoon bereft,
E'en Hope is fled, the only comfort left,
When weeping o'er my Shenstone's urn, no more,
I fondly meant his likeneſs to reſtore.
Lamented Bard! whom rural charms to ſing,
No ſofter hand e'er touch'd the tuneful ſtring;
And while for thee did Fame her laurels twine,
While did the Loves their myrtle wreaths deſign,
Fate round thy brows the weeping willow ſpread,
Whoſe buds an April ſun but newly fed.

She ſpoke, and wept—when, faireſt of her train,
The blooming Graces mov'd to eaſe her pain;
One, with a ſmile, advanc'd before the reſt,
And thus her winning eloquence addreſs'd:

Weep not, belov'd, nor think, through high diſdain,
Our aid officious, nor our purpoſe vain;
Long may thy groves with added beauty ſmile,
Thy bow'rs delight, thy flow'ry paths beguile;
Amid thy ſhades a form divine ſhall dwell,
Excelling all, yet careleſs to excel;

Her look with more than mortal ſweetneſs charms,
Love lights her eye, and Peace her boſom warms;
Her cheek the ſmile of conſcious Virtue wears,
And undiſguis'd a bleſſing always bears:
Lo, to conduct her to this bliſsful ſeat,
Thy full conſent theſe Sifter powers intreat.
She ended thus; when TASTE approv'd her pray'r,
And gave MARIA to the GRACES' care.

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